

The history

Will with a trumpet twixt our Tents and Troy,  
To morrow morning call some Knight to armes,  
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare,  
Majraine I know not what, (tis trash) farewell-----

*Ajax.* Farewell, who shall answer him.

*Achil.* I know not; tis put to lottry, ptherwise,  
He knew his man.

*Ajax.* O meaning you? I will go learne more of it.

*Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.*

*Priam.* After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,  
Thus once againe saies *Nestor* from the Greekes:

Deliuier *Hellen*, (and all damage els,

As honour, losse of time, trauell, expence,  
Wounds, friends and what els deere that is consum'd:

In hot digestion of this cormorant warre)

Shalbe stroke off, *Hector* what say you to it?

*Hect.* Though no man lesser feares the Greekes then I

As farre as toucheth my particular: yet dread *Priam*

There is no Lady of more softer bowells,

More spungy to suck in the sence of feare:

More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes

Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surely

Surely secure, but modest doubt is calld

The beacon of the wise, the tent that serches,

Too th bottome of the worst let *Hellen* go,

Since the first sword was drawne about this question

Euery tith soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,

Hath beene as deere as *Hellen*. I meane of ours:

If we haue losse so many tenthes of ours,

To guard a thing, not ours, nor worth to vs,

(Had it our name) the valew of one ten,

What merits in that reason which denies,

The yeelding of her vp?

*Troy.* Fie, sic, my brother,

Way you the worth and honour of a King:

So great as our dread fathers in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with *Compters* summe

The past proportion of his infinite.

And

of Troilus and

And buckle in, a waste most far  
With spanes and inches so dym  
As feares and reasons: Fie for C

*Hels.* No maruell though yo  
You are so empty of them shou  
Beare the great sway of his aff  
Because your speech hath non

*Troy.* You are for dreames an  
You furre your gloues with re  
You know an enemy intends y  
You know a sword imployde i

And reason flies the obiect of  
Who maruells then when *Hels*  
A Gretian and his sword, if he  
The very wings of reason to hi

And flie like chidden *Mercu*  
Or like a starre disord? nay i  
Sets shut our gates and sleepe  
Should haue hare hearts, wor

With this cram'd reason, reaso  
Make lyuers pale, and luth hoc

*Hect.* Brother, shee is not w  
keeping.

*Troy.* Whats aught but as  
*Hect.* But valew dwells not

It holds his estimate and dign  
As well wherein tis precious

As in the prizer, tis madde l  
To make the seruice greater

And the will dotes that is att  
To what infectiously it selfe

Without some image of th' a  
*Troy.* I take to day a wife.

Is led on in the conduct of m  
My will enkindled by mine

Two traded pilots twixt the  
Of will and Iudgement: how

(Although my will distast w